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BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

Bonaparte he's awa' from his wars and his fighting;
 He is gone to the place that he takes no delight in ;

.

No more at St. Cloud's he'll go forth in his splendor,
 Or go forth with his crowds like the great Alexander;
 He can look at the moon, on the great Mount Diana,
 When forlorn and alone on the isle of St. Helena.

Louisa she sits in her bower broken-hearted,
 And she weeps when she thinks of her hero departed;
 No one to console, — even those that wait on her,
 And she weeps when she thinks of the isle of St. Helena.

Ye men of great wealth, O beware of ambition, —
 Lest some degree of state should change your condition;
 Be steadfast in time, for what's to come you don't know,
 Perhaps your days may end on the isle of St. Helena.

ABIGAIL SNOW: A COLONIAL LITERARY BALLAD. — The heroine of this song, Abigail Snow, was born in the East Parish of Bridgewater (now the town of East Bridgewater), in 1727. She was a daughter of James Snow. She was twice married, in 1746 to John Egerton, in 1780 to Jonathan Beal.

The writer was Dr. Josiah Thurston of Rehoboth, who is said to have been not only a physician, but a fashionable wig-maker.

My brother-in-law, the late William Allen, Esq., of East Bridgewater, was an enthusiastic collector of all that related to the history of his native town. He took this song from the recitation of a lady who died at an advanced age in 1853.

Pamela McArthur Cole.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

ABIGAIL SNOW.

I have travelled o'er hills and high mountains,
 Through meadows all clothed in green;
 I have walked by the side of still fountains,
 And many fair maids have I seen.

And with them found very good quarters —
 They often showed favors to me;
 There is one in the town of Bridgewater
 Which exceeds all that ever I see.

.

She's fairer than King David's Tamar,
 Or the beautiful daughters of Job.

For seven long years have I sought her,
My love it most gently did glow,
In the East of Bridgewater I found her,
And her name it was Abigail Snow.

Such love from my bosom is glowing,
My tongue it can never express ;
Such streams of affection are flowing,
It's for you I am often distressed.

To keep all my spirits in motion,
Good reason doth seem to advise
For to cross the proud waves of the ocean,
Where dangerous storms do arise, —

Where men great wonders surveying
When they have a prosperous gale,
Behold the leviathan playing,
And ships that most pleasant do sail.

Oh, pity my doleful condition
And now take a walk by the shore,
And see your own true love a-swimming
Where dangerous billows do roar.

Oh, be not the worse of all women,
And prove to me cruel no more ;
Get into the boat of compassion,
And lead your true love to the shore.

How can I leave my own nation
And country in which I was born ?
My friends will make great lamentation,
And for me most bitterly mourn.

How can my fair one despise me
And slight me because I am poor ?
I swear by the gods of Pharaoh
You will ne'er find a true lover more.

You are the girl I admire
Above all that dwell in this land ;
Your favor I greatly desire,
Oh grant me your heart and your hand.

Don't let your heart be so narrow
Since we dwell in fair Venus' grove ;
Your heart it is harder than Pharaoh
Or else you would grant me your love.

Let me now gently reprove you
For being so cruel to me ;
If ever I cease to love you
I will tell you what things you shall see.

The streams shall flow back to the fountains,
 And the wine like the rivers shall flow,
 The valleys leap over the mountains,
 And the rocks they shall melt like the snow.

I will leave the rough plains of Bridgewater
 And travel through mud and through mire,
 And to the smooth plain of Rehoboth
 Again I do hope to retire.

LOCAL MEETINGS AND OTHER NOTICES.

BOSTON. — *April*, 1901. The Boston Branch held its last meeting of the season Friday evening, April 26, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. O. B. Cole, 551 Boylston Street. Pres. F. W. Putnam presided, and the annual reports of the secretary and treasurer were read. The nominating committee then presented its report, and after balloting the following officers were declared elected: President, Prof. F. W. Putnam; First Vice-President, Mr. W. W. Newell; Second Vice-President, Dr. R. B. Dixon; Council, Dr. E. F. Pope, Mrs. O. B. Cole, Mrs. Lee Hoffman, Mrs. G. W. Vaillant, Mr. Ashton Willard, Mr. F. V. Balch.

The reports of the branch showed that in membership it had held its own, as the gain in numbers had exactly equalled the number lost by resignation. The report of the treasurer showed a small balance after payment of all expenses, and that in addition \$15 had been raised by special contributions of members towards the purchase of a phonograph, the Peabody Museum having contributed the remainder of the \$30 needed for the purpose. The phonograph has been used in notating the cylinders of "Pastores," the miracle play collected in Mexico by Captain Bourke.

At the close of the business meeting the members listened to an address on "The Music of the North American Indians" by Mr. Arthur Farwell, lecturer on music at Cornell University. The very interesting lecture was illustrated by aid of the piano, and was followed by an informal discussion.

Helen Leah Reed, Secretary.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — *Harvard Folk-Lore Club*. During the season of 1900-1901, the following topics have been treated before the club: —

Dr. F. N. Robinson . . .	Druidism.
Mr. H. H. Kidder . . .	Chippewa Tales.
Mr. F. S. Arnold . . .	Variations of Vagrancy.
Mr. Leo Wiener . . .	Mediaeval Gypsies.
Prof. C. H. Toy . . .	The Primitive Religion of the Australians.
Mr. T. Michelson . . .	The Primitive Religion of the Indo-Aryans.
Mr. H. W. Prescott . . .	The Worship of Zeus.